

The New-York Saturday Press.

VOL. II.—NO. 42.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 15, 1859.

PRICE, \$2.00 A YEAR.

The N. Y. Saturday Press,
A JOURNAL OF THE TIMES,

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,
AT NO. 9 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

TREAS—\$2.00 A YEAR; Five Cents a single number.
SPECIMEN COPIES WILL BE SENT TO ANY PART OF THE UNION
ON RECEIPT OF FIVE CENTS IN POSTAGE STAMP.

HENRY CLAPP, JR.,
Editor and Publisher.

BRANCH OFFICE of the N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS
at BOEHN'S BOOKSTORE, No. 827 BROADWAY, where Subscriptions, Communications, Advertisements, etc., will be received.

Original Poetry.

TEN YEARS BETWEEN DRINKS

BY JOHN W. WATSON.

Dul! start?
Well! the clink has waked my heart
Do you know?
What has passed of weal or woe,
Since in other days we drank
Just as careless as to-day?
Can you still the span of years
That have hurried on their way?

Is Ten?
Little thought we there, and then,
While unseen,
Of the void to go between.
While the blood danced madly through
Every beating youthful vein,
Of the half a score of years
We'd meet and drink again.

Yes; 'tis true!
Time has lain his hand on me;
Look at me:

Full a score of years you see
Dashed in headlong uttering line
Down my face, and in my hair,
Years, and wringing of the heart
Leave their certain tokens there.

In those years
Have been crowded hopes and fears,
Dreams of gold,
Fancies young and memories old.
Life has waked to glad my soul,
Bloomed and blossomed, dropped and died:
What I sought not, given me;
What I coveted, denied.

Where is she?
Who once loved, and lived for me?
She is dead;

Sad has knitted over her head;
Hands that once were warm in mine,
Moulder in the greedy ground;
Lands I layed in love's embrace,
In the cloots of earth are bound.

There has been
One that you have never seen.
One whose whole

Grew into my secret soul;
Half those years I worshipped her;
Then, she kissed my trembling hand,
Spread the pinions of her soul,
And fled into the silent land.

This child,
Came into my heart, and smiled,
Still that smile

In my memory comes awhile,
Like the Summer lightning dash
Skimming on the blackened skies,
Making earth while seem bright.
Where the darkest shadow lies.

Where are those
Through whose hearts our memory flows?

Do you know?

Of the friends of years ago?
Those we drink with, those we loved,
Where on all the earth they lie?
If on earth they still remain,
Do they think of you, and I?

Touch my glass

Let those thoughts as quickly pass
As the wine
Loses all its sparkle fine;

Let the Winters come and go,
Summer always comes between,
Let us think the years can bring
Nothing worse than what has been.

THE QUEEN OF HABY LAND

Let those who will in Milton's praise

Easy the sounding line:

I place my native offering

On quite another shrine—

That took I leave to other hands

More fitted to the use,

Enough for me to chant in rhyme

They praises, Mother Goose!

They name is honest—yet should that

They moral influence clog?

Or how shall those deserve thy muse?

Who ventate a Home?

We had thee Queen of Haby Land,

And may kindly stay

Abide in all our nurseries

For ever and a day?

Full many a baby's tender heart,

Great Mother Goose, shall thrill,

On hearing thy pathetic lines

About poor Jack and Jill—

Ah, many a time I well recall,

My blood congealed to ice,

On hearing that thrice-fateful tale

About the three blind mice,

I've doubted up my childish fist,

With thoughts of vengeance ripe,

And felt how much I'd like to slay

The cruel farmer's wife.

My eyes were opened very wide,

My infant wonder grew,

In reading of the ancient dame

Residing in a shoe,

Whose offspring were so numerous

She knew not what to do?

Sometimes I've laid me on the grass,

And looking up on high,

Have fancied with my childish eyes

I might perchance spy

The lady that's employed to sweep

The cobwebs from the sky.

I well recall the fearful fate

Of Gotham's sapient three

Who in a fragile bowl essayed

The perils of the sea;

A fest of daring quite sumachized;

Yet in my childish soul

This question rose—which first were cracked.

The wise men or the bowl?

I would that I had skill to paint

The human face divine,

I'd buy some canvas and a brush

And quickly picture thine;

I think less thy placid face,

Thy spec with iron bows,

That seem to sit with conscious pride

Astride thy placid nose,
A cap conceals thy scanty hair,
A cap with ample frill,
Beneath the tree by the aged dame
That lived upon the hill.

Hail! great enchantress, Mother Goose!
Immortal are thy lays;
Where shall a mother hear how to find
To wear the poet's bays?
We crown the Queen of Baby-Land,

And may thy kindly sway

Abide in all our nurseries

Forever and a day!

H. A. JR.

Evening Shadows

BY JULIA B.—

Evening shadows gathering weirdly
Round the wild woods that I love—
Creeping o'er the rocky windings
Of the mountain path above,

Wrap in gloom the sparkling river—
Quench the sunlight on the hill—
Bid the pine trees hide the glimmer
Of the glistening, giddy rill.

Bid the song-bird hasten homeward—
Ere the mystic mantle falls—
Hide the landscape like a pall.

Shades of evening! ye are emblems
Of the fate of human kind;

Wilted joys will end in sorrow.

Sunset hours will end in night.

As I ponder, long and sadly,
Over the visions of the past,

Let me lift my soul to heaven

While these twilight shadows last.

In the porch I love to linger,

Watching for you ere you come;

Then my soul seems even nearer

To its longest for distant home!

• • • • •

Now the moon sheds all her lustre
Through the dim and solemn air;

Even so some hope will gladden

Even the darkness of despair!

Pearly dewdrops on the foliage

Glimmer in her lambent light;

Like the dark eyes that I gaze on

In my dreamland fairy-bright.

Round my heart, thus sadly dreaming

Ye have a heavenly spell!

Day has faded—stars are gleaming—

Evening shadows! fare-thee-well.

• • • • •

OUTWARD BOUND.

The West is flaming red

As we drift into the stream.

The parting words with friends are said,

And seaward all our canvas spread.

I sail as in a dream.

The clear young moon rides low

In the early Autumn sky,

The evening winds propels slow,

Down the placid way we go—

Ah, why not you and I?

I hate the moon so gory,

I wish the plaid sea

Would rage, for in the city there,

Now grows so dim in the evening air,

Lies all that's dear to me.

And John Walling's sister? There could he no wonder to any one who looked upon that fair-skinned, blue-eyed, Northern girl, that he loved her. Who would not love the child-like beauty? Who could not dream over the soft voice and gentle eyes of Marion Walling?

Reuben Moreton thought so. Wild and obstinate as he was, that same voice of Marion Walling always recalled him from erratic ways, and those same gentle eyes told him that whatever his faults, she loved him dearly, and believed that for her sake he would be all she wished. Indeed, it required no very searching eyes to see the great change that his love had wrought in Moreton. From the passionate, headstrong man, looking only of his wealth as a means of personal enjoyment, Reuben Moreton had become through his love of Marion Walling, and his friendship for her brother, quiet and yielding, while many a grateful heart blessed him for the great good he was enabled to achieve from his superabundance. It was only in occasional bursts that the old heart would show, and Reuben Moreton break into some passionate freak, breaking back his past. It was in such a moment that we introduce him. Many times he had asked Walling to offer his name as a member of a club to which he belonged. A club which to Reuben Moreton possessed great interest, from the very mystery that surrounded it. For many years he had known it existed, among the very cream of the young men of New Orleans, but had always been unable to find among his acquaintance a name in his hand, nor wavering in his eye. He stood six feet apart, and the signal was to drop of a handkerchief. It was given, and the stranger, taking deliberate aim, shot it off. A strange smile passed over the face of Moreton, as the smoke cleared away, and they all saw him standing unmoved. A loud murmur of astonishment, and his hands were grasped on every side, with a hundred whispers of congratulation. There was no time to waste upon feeling. There stood the despised man, who had so strangely missed at a distance that seemed impossible for him to fall. There stood Moreton awaiting his fate. The pistol was thrust into Moreton's hand, but in a moment the weapon was lying on the table, and Moreton turned away.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have been taught what is honor, but I am no assassin. I cannot kill at six feet. Let me give that man his life."

For one moment there was a stillness, as though that group had suddenly become stone, and then the shout that Moreton had suddenly become stone, and then, the shout that Moreton had smothered in the embraces of all about him, while a portion of them seized his late antagonist with him, and bore him toward Moreton, and in spite of the struggles of the latter, their hands were forced together, amid the cries of all about him, each striving to speak as if in explanation. Walling, who had made his reappearance immediately on the breaking out of the noise, being quite as vociferous as the rest.

Merton pondered over this unwillingness, but could form no theory in his own mind to account for it. The night, however, was set—only one week distant—when he was to be received, and the mystery, perhaps, explained, some light let upon it. As day went by, Moreton could see the shadow upon the face of Walling deeper and deeper, and what was still more strange, it was falling upon the face of Marion. Why was this? Did it arise from her solicitude for her brother? Had she marked the change upon him, and was herself disturbed on that account? Or did Moreton only imagine her sadness? No! Deeper and deeper each evening that they met grew the shade upon the face of Marion Walling, until Moreton, impatient at writing under a displeasure of which he knew not a cause, spoke:

"Marion, within a week I have noticed a great change; you are no longer the Marion of old. Why is this?"

"Ask your own heart, Reuben. If there is nothing that should disturb me."

"It is for me, Marion, or for your brother, that this shadow seems to have fallen upon you?"

"For both. Why should I be happy when he is not; and why should I be happy when I know that his care comes from his love for you?"

"For me!"

"Yes, Moreton, for you. It is not for me to know why; it is only enough for me to know that his unhappy peregrinations proceed from you, and your determination to do that which he believes will result in misfortune."

To Moreton this was more a mystery than ever. Could it be that all this was only to discourage him from an intention to join the club lest it should lead to dissipation. It could not be a solution. He could not accept it as one. And yet he watched the sad face of her who sat beside him, and knew that something more was embossed in its lines than mere trifling woe.

The few days went rapidly by up to the night of his initiation, and still

NEW POEM BY MRS. BROWNING.

In the London *Advertiser* of September 24th, brought by the Canadian, we find the following characteristic poem on that subject. It is accompanied by a note from the writer, and a comment of the editor, as follows:

"The good and true justice of this poem, you, being English, will appreciate from me—say so, if you please. I am E. H."

"I will say so much as we respect the poems—for we do not care for law—or, though we give it circulation, how far it deserves to be present reading of the code of Sparta.—Editor.

A Tale of Villafranca, as Told in Tuscany.

My little son, my Florence,
Sit down beside my knee,
And I will tell you why the sign
Of joy which blushed our Italy,
Has faded since but yesterday.
And why your Florence of delight
Is mourning as you see.

A great man, who was crowned one day
Imagined a great deed—
He shaped it out of cloud and clay :
He touched it till the scroll
Presented the flower front and brain
He fed it with the thoughts human,
To help a people's need.

He brought it out into the sun :
They blessed it to his face—
"O great Pœd! that had undone
So many bad and base !
O generous soul, he died,
To forth, to perish, succeed,

Deliver by God's grace!"

Then sovereign statesmen, North and South,
Rose up in wrath and fear,
And cried, "Providence has us here !
What will our blessed God do?"

A great deed at this time of day ?

A great, just, and not to pay ?

Ah, bound, or insurce.

"And if sincere, the heavier blow
That can most bear,
For whose own blight and curse quo,

Only treading where
Our right to sell a race, or buy,

Protect and pillage, occupy,

And civilise despair."

VI.

Some muttered that "the great deed meant

A great project to be done,

And when the secret so leat

Was hoisted" (to begin),

"Volcanic terms of grand and just ?

Admit such tongues of flame, the crust

Of life and law fails in."

And those lamented, From the spruce
With red bloodshed to pour'd ;

And those rejoiced, "Tis even worse :

What red tape is ignored!"

All cursed the Doe for an evil,

Called her, enlarging on the Devil,

There, monkeying the Lord.

VII.

Some said, "It could not be excused :"

Some, "Could not be excused,"

Others, "Leave it unrestrained,

Gehenna's self is loosed."

And all cried, "Crush it, make it gag, &c.

Set dog-tooth fire to tear it ragged,

Truncheoned and trashed."

But he stood not before the sun :

(The people felt their fate) "

The world is many, I am one,

My great deed was too great—

God's fruits of justice ripened now,

And when the sun set, let them grow.

My brothers, we must wait."

X.

The tale is ended, child of mine,

Turned graver at my knee,

They say your eyes, my Florence,

Are English : it may be :

And when the sun set, let them grow,

Following the dove across the square,

What matter if we live ?"

ELEANOR BARRETT BROWNING.

CARTOUCHE ON THE STAGE.

The famous Parisian robber, Cartouche, has several times been produced upon the French stage. His last appearance was at the Ambigu Comique, in a five-act drama by Mousset Denney and Dugue, the hero of which might just as well have been denominated Fr. Diavolo or Joe-Maria. The piece may have brought money into the treasury, but it was utterly at variance with truth, and even with probability. The real Cartouche was a little thin, wiry, leathery man, not five feet high, the stage Cartouche was Frederick Lemaire, in all the fulness of his proportions and the force of his lungs. In the three hundred and sixty-six files of papers which have been preserved relative to Cartouche's band of robbers, mention is made of very diverse objects stolen—only one of a stolen watch, doubtless, watches existed at that epoch (1721), but they were very rare. Geneva was then sole watchmaker to the universe, and did not turn out more than five thousand watches a year. The first scene of M. Denney's Cartouche opens with the theft of a watch. The dramatic persons are made to observe that the brigand chief is always punctual, because he wears the best of watches. Watches are allotted to twenty times in the play. In the sixth scene, Cartouche comes back from London, where he never set foot; and he talks of nobs at a period when both the word and the thing had no existence. Another character asks the way to the barracks (still in 1721); he might as well have asked the way to the railway station.

A strong protest has been lately made against these and other anachronisms and absurdities, by M. Barthélémy Maurice, who has written an authentic and exceedingly interesting history of Cartouche (*Cartouche, Histoire Autobiographie*), founded on six months' labor, devoted to the consultation of original documents in the libraries and archives of Paris. M. Maurice not only gives us a most striking sketch of the state of society at that epoch, in the French capital, but also acquaints us with the very curious means employed, while Cartouche was still a living and a breathing man, to set his image on the stage with perfect exactness.

It should be premised that, at that date, criminals were very easily visited; if they were great criminals, it was the fashion to visit them. Their friends, acquaintances, or well-wishers, came backwards and forwards to see them, and bring them presents of money and other means of creature-comfort. Great ladies were not daunted by any nice scruples from going, or sending, to imprisoned murderers. Cartouche did not want for visitors, and especially for visitors. Every lady who had any connection with the court, slight or intimate, every lady who had the good luck to be acquainted with a counsellor, an attorney, or a hussar or bâtaillif, solicited, and sometimes paid dear for, the favor of seeing Cartouche in his dungeon. He was the lion of the day, but the lion in chains. It is stated that the Regent himself came, dressed up like a coarse wholesale dealer, who did not prevent Cartouche from recognizing him, if only from the obsequious politeness of the jailer and the turnkeys. Madame la Marchale de Boufflers also paid him a visit, and gave him eight-and-twenty francs, an odd sum in every sense of the word, and little enough for her to offer, seeing that she had received considerably more than its equivalent. With this lady's visit is connected an episode.

Apprehensive biographers, speaking of Cartouche's amours, gave him credit for finding favor with some few ladies of rank; for which the only real approach to a foundation is his adventure with this very Madame de Boufflers. Towards the close of his career, when he was at the height of his glory, and consequently exposed to the greatest dangers, Cartouche was so flouted and harassed by his pursuers, that he knew not where to lay his head. With hundreds of thousands of francs at his disposal, a safe bed was often next to impossible to find; hence various expedients to obtain a night's lodging.

In the July which preceded his execution in November, Madame de Boufflers, residing in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, had left her bedroom window open on account of the heat, and was proceeding to undress for the night. Suddenly, without being warned by the

slighted noise, she beheld a young man—Cartouche's career was cut short at twenty-eight—dressed in the height of fashion, climb over the balcony, and jump into the chamber, exactly like a lover at the Opéra-Comique. At first, the great lady mistook the character of her visitor.

"Monsieur—what is the meaning of this strange proceeding?"

"A thousand pardons, Madame la Marchale; I am certain that you are acquainted with me—at least by reputation. You see before you Louis-Dominique Cartouche ; you will excuse my entering into any further particulars. And now attention : not a word, not a motion ! I have entered alone, but your hotel is surrounded in all directions. Nevertheless, you have nothing to fear : it is no evil design which has brought me to your house. I only wish to become your debtor for a trifling benefit—for a good supper and the pleasure of sleeping in a good bed, which is a pleasure I have not enjoyed for many a day. There, make yourself quite at ease. You are a sensible woman ; only grant my little request, and I give you my word of honor that no violence—" Seeing the lady's alarm subside, he added : "We are agreed—are we not? You are an angel : besides, you see these." And opening his coat, he displayed half-a-dozen English pistols. "Do not constrain me to make use of them. I will hide myself behind this curtain ; order some supper to be brought up here, and tell your maid to go and sleep wherever suits her best. Her bed is in this cabinet : I know your house better than the man who built it. I shall be quite satisfied with that little bed, I promise you. As I told you, I particularly want a good night's rest. Come, do it at once : remember that I am behind the curtain. I shall wait there while your orders are given."

The authors and actors of the Comédie Italienne were quite in the right to make haste; their competitor's piece had been written two years, and what is more, had received the royal approval. "From the fifteenth of March, privilege of the king accorded to the Sieur Legrand, one of his ordinary comedians, to print a work of his composition, entitled le R. de C. (The Royaume ; or, the Empire of Cartouche), and other works, both those which he has already composed, and those which he may compose hereafter." The permission to print did not carry with it the permission to act. The censorship, perceiving that the piece was a satire on the agents employed to take Cartouche, delayed its approbation until the hand's actual capture should be effected, for which they had to wait more than two years. This took place on the fourteenth of October, seventeen hundred and twenty-one ; and two days afterwards we find at the bottom of Legrand's manuscript, "Seen, and permitted to be represented."

Bardier thus expresses his opinion of these proceedings :

"On Tuesday, the twenty-first, they played at the Comédie Italienne, Cartouche, a little piece written by Legrand, tolerably poor ; an astonishing number of people go to see it. For the rest, people of good sense will take it ill that they should allow the representation, the stage, of a man who actually exists, who is interrogated (which is equivalent to being tried) every day, and whose end will be to be 'wheel'd' (roulé) alive. It is not decent." A few days after the execution, he adds : "To complete the height of impudence, the little comedy of Cartouche is printed. I bought together with the sentence of the criminals to be broken alive, in order to serve as testimonies of the foolish things that are done in this country. The public were so impatient to see this piece the first day of its performance, that the actors could not finish the first scene of *Esop at Court*, which ought to have been played first. The management was obliged to stop it, and yield to the tumultuous cries of the pit, who called for Cartouche. How will posterity judge of the taste of our epoch, if it learns that we preferred the piece of Cartouche to the comedy of *Esop at Court*? It must be allowed, however, that the Sieur Legrand, comedian to the King, the author of this little piece has turned his subject, low of itself, and somewhat repulsive, to the best advantage it was possible for him to do. He has contrived to enliven it by pell-mell or adventures which he imagined himself, or which he copied from real events in Cartouche's life, whom he recognized his liver. Hastening to the carriage-door, he said, "Let Madame de Boufflers pass freely to, and henceforward always." Then taking her hand as if to kiss it, he slipped on her finger a magnificent diamond ring, and, yielding to the tumultuous cries of the pit, who called for Cartouche. How will posterity judge of the taste of our epoch, if it learns that we preferred the piece of Cartouche to the comedy of *Esop at Court*? It must be allowed, however, that the Sieur Legrand, comedian to the King, the author of this little piece has turned his subject, low of itself, and somewhat repulsive, to the best advantage it was possible for him to do. He has contrived to enliven it by pell-mell or adventures which he imagined himself, or which he copied from real events in Cartouche's life, whom he recognized his liver. Hastening to the carriage-door, he said, "Let Madame de Boufflers pass freely to, and henceforward always." Then taking her hand as if to kiss it, he slipped on her finger a magnificent diamond ring, and, yielding to the tumultuous cries of the pit, who called for Cartouche. How will posterity judge of the taste of our epoch, if it learns that we preferred the piece of Cartouche to the comedy of *Esop at Court*? It must be allowed, however, that the Sieur Legrand, comedian to the King, the author of this little piece has turned his subject, low of itself, and somewhat repulsive, to the best advantage it was possible for him to do. He has contrived to enliven it by pell-mell or adventures which he imagined himself, or which he copied from real events in Cartouche's life, whom he recognized his liver. Hastening to the carriage-door, he said, "Let Madame de Boufflers pass freely to, and henceforward always." Then taking her hand as if to kiss it, he slipped on her finger a magnificent diamond ring, and, yielding to the tumultuous cries of the pit, who called for Cartouche. How will posterity judge of the taste of our epoch, if it learns that we preferred the piece of Cartouche to the comedy of *Esop at Court*? It must be allowed, however, that the Sieur Legrand, comedian to the King, the author of this little piece has turned his subject, low of itself, and somewhat repulsive, to the best advantage it was possible for him to do. He has contrived to enliven it by pell-mell or adventures which he imagined himself, or which he copied from real events in Cartouche's life, whom he recognized his liver. Hastening to the carriage-door, he said, "Let Madame de Boufflers pass freely to, and henceforward always." Then taking her hand as if to kiss it, he slipped on her finger a magnificent diamond ring, and, yielding to the tumultuous cries of the pit, who called for Cartouche. How will posterity judge of the taste of our epoch, if it learns that we preferred the piece of Cartouche to the comedy of *Esop at Court*? It must be allowed, however, that the Sieur Legrand, comedian to the King, the author of this little piece has turned his subject, low of itself, and somewhat repulsive, to the best advantage it was possible for him to do. He has contrived to enliven it by pell-mell or adventures which he imagined himself, or which he copied from real events in Cartouche's life, whom he recognized his liver. Hastening to the carriage-door, he said, "Let Madame de Boufflers pass freely to, and henceforward always." Then taking her hand as if to kiss it, he slipped on her finger a magnificent diamond ring, and, yielding to the tumultuous cries of the pit, who called for Cartouche. How will posterity judge of the taste of our epoch, if it learns that we preferred the piece of Cartouche to the comedy of *Esop at Court*? It must be allowed, however, that the Sieur Legrand, comedian to the King, the author of this little piece has turned his subject, low of itself, and somewhat repulsive, to the best advantage it was possible for him to do. He has contrived to enliven it by pell-mell or adventures which he imagined himself, or which he copied from real events in Cartouche's life, whom he recognized his liver. Hastening to the carriage-door, he said, "Let Madame de Boufflers pass freely to, and henceforward always." Then taking her hand as if to kiss it, he slipped on her finger a magnificent diamond ring, and, yielding to the tumultuous cries of the pit, who called for Cartouche. How will posterity judge of the taste of our epoch, if it learns that we preferred the piece of Cartouche to the comedy of *Esop at Court*? It must be allowed, however, that the Sieur Legrand, comedian to the King, the author of this little piece has turned his subject, low of itself, and somewhat repulsive, to the best advantage it was possible for him to do. He has contrived to enliven it by pell-mell or adventures which he imagined himself, or which he copied from real events in Cartouche's life, whom he recognized his liver. Hastening to the carriage-door, he said, "Let Madame de Boufflers pass freely to, and henceforward always." Then taking her hand as if to kiss it, he slipped on her finger a magnificent diamond ring, and, yielding to the tumultuous cries of the pit, who called for Cartouche. How will posterity judge of the taste of our epoch, if it learns that we preferred the piece of Cartouche to the comedy of *Esop at Court*? It must be allowed, however, that the Sieur Legrand, comedian to the King, the author of this little piece has turned his subject, low of itself, and somewhat repulsive, to the best advantage it was possible for him to do. He has contrived to enliven it by pell-mell or adventures which he imagined himself, or which he copied from real events in Cartouche's life, whom he recognized his liver. Hastening to the carriage-door, he said, "Let Madame de Boufflers pass freely to, and henceforward always." Then taking her hand as if to kiss it, he slipped on her finger a magnificent diamond ring, and, yielding to the tumultuous cries of the pit, who called for Cartouche. How will posterity judge of the taste of our epoch, if it learns that we preferred the piece of Cartouche to the comedy of *Esop at Court*? It must be allowed, however, that the Sieur Legrand, comedian to the King, the author of this little piece has turned his subject, low of itself, and somewhat repulsive, to the best advantage it was possible for him to do. He has contrived to enliven it by pell-mell or adventures which he imagined himself, or which he copied from real events in Cartouche's life, whom he recognized his liver. Hastening to the carriage-door, he said, "Let Madame de Boufflers pass freely to, and henceforward always." Then taking her hand as if to kiss it, he slipped on her finger a magnificent diamond ring, and, yielding to the tumultuous cries of the pit, who called for Cartouche. How will posterity judge of the taste of our epoch, if it learns that we preferred the piece of Cartouche to the comedy of *Esop at Court*? It must be allowed, however, that the Sieur Legrand, comedian to the King, the author of this little piece has turned his subject, low of itself, and somewhat repulsive, to the best advantage it was possible for him to do. He has contrived to enliven it by pell-mell or adventures which he imagined himself, or which he copied from real events in Cartouche's life, whom he recognized his liver. Hastening to the carriage-door, he said, "Let Madame de Boufflers pass freely to, and henceforward always." Then taking her hand as if to kiss it, he slipped on her finger a magnificent diamond ring, and, yielding to the tumultuous cries of the pit, who called for Cartouche. How will posterity judge of the taste of our epoch, if it learns that we preferred the piece of Cartouche to the comedy of *Esop at Court*? It must be allowed, however, that the Sieur Legrand, comedian to the King, the author of this little piece has turned his subject, low of itself, and somewhat repulsive, to the best advantage it was possible for him to do. He has contrived to enliven it by pell-mell or adventures which he imagined himself, or which he copied from real events in Cartouche's life, whom he recognized his liver. Hastening to the carriage-door, he said, "Let Madame de Boufflers pass freely to, and henceforward always." Then taking her hand as if to kiss it, he slipped on her finger a magnificent diamond ring, and, yielding to the tumultuous cries of the pit, who called for Cartouche. How will posterity judge of the taste of our epoch, if it learns that we preferred the piece of Cartouche to the comedy of *Esop at Court*? It must be allowed, however, that the Sieur Legrand, comedian to the King, the author of this little piece has turned his subject, low of itself, and somewhat repulsive, to the best advantage it was possible for him to do. He has contrived to enliven it by pell-mell or adventures which he imagined himself, or which he copied from real events in Cartouche's life, whom he recognized his liver. Hastening to the carriage-door, he said, "Let Madame de Boufflers pass freely to, and henceforward always." Then taking her hand as if to kiss it, he slipped on her finger a magnificent diamond ring, and, yielding to the tumultuous cries of the pit, who called for Cartouche. How will posterity judge of the taste of our epoch, if it learns that we preferred the piece of Cartouche to the comedy of *Esop at Court*? It must be allowed, however, that the Sieur Legrand, comedian to the King, the author of this little piece has turned his subject, low of itself, and somewhat repulsive, to the best advantage it was possible for him to do. He has contrived to enliven it by pell-mell or adventures which he imagined himself, or which he copied from real events in Cartouche's life, whom he recognized his liver. Hastening to the carriage-door, he said, "Let Madame de Boufflers pass freely to, and henceforward always."

on the bills of the *Theatre Francais*: This comedy was performed for the first time on Monday, the tenth of October, at the theatre of the Palais Royal. It was withdrawn after thirteen crowded representations, on the eleventh of November. Although it is a piece which consists entirely of scatology, we should not have failed to give some account of the principal scenes, in order to convey some idea of the plots to those who have not seen it ; but respectable persons, to whose opinion we willingly submit, have counseled us not to enter into any such detail. Thus "respectable persons" are very sanitary : they put a stopper on the curiosity of posterity ; for Bardier's comedy is not more explicit. "Ariane," he says, "who is very simple and a good actor, performs a hundred tricks of passe-passe or legendemain." But in those scenes, in which he is dressed in the height of fashion, climb over the balcony, and jump into the chamber, exactly like a lover at the Opéra-Comique. At first, the great lady mistook the character of her visitor.

"Monsieur—what is the meaning of this strange proceeding?"

"A thousand pardons, Madame la Marchale; I am certain that you are acquainted with me